

The Tragedie of Hamlet

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this Hyperion to a Satire, so louing to my mother; That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen Visit her face too roughly: heauen and earth Must I remember, why she should hang on him, As if increase of appetite had growne in his stomach, soe : o'led flurish By what it fed on, and yet within a month, Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman. A little month. Or ere those shooes were old With which she followed my poore fathers body Like Niobe all teares, why she O God ! a beast that wants discourse of reason Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Uncle, My fathers brother, but no more like my father Then I to Hercules, within a month, Ere yet the salt of most vnrigheteous teares Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes She married Oh ! most wicked speed ; to post With such dexterity to incestuous sheetes, It is not, nor it cannot come to good, But breake my heart for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordshippe.

Ham. I am glad to see you well ; Horatio, or I do forget my

Hora. the same my Lord; and your poore servant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,

And what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)

But what in faith make you from Wittenberg ?

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enemye say so,

Nor shall you do my eare that violence

To make it truster of your owne report

Against your selfe, I know you are no truant,

But what is your affaire in Elsonoure ?

Weele teach you so to drinke ere you depart.

Hora.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. I prethee doe not mocke me fellow student, I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hora. Indeed my Lord it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, christ, Horatio, the funerall bak't meates

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,

Would I had met my dearest foe in Heauen,

Or euer I had seene that day Horatio.

My father me thinkes I see my father.

Hora. Where my Lord ?

Ham. In my mindes eye Horatio.

Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Ham. A was a man take him for all in all,

I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

Hora. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw, who ?

Hora. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my Father ?

Hora. Season your admiration for a while,

With an attentiuue eare till I may deliuer

Vpon the witnesse of these gentlemen

This maruaile to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare ?

Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen

Marcellus, and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead wast and middle of the night,

Beene thus incountered, a figure like your father,

Armed at poynt, exactly Cap apea

Appeares before them, and with solemne march,

Goes slowe and stately by them ; thrice he walke

By their opprest and feare surprised eyes,

Within this ironchions length, whil'st they distil'd

Almost to gelly, with the act of feare

Stand dumbe and speake not to him ; this to me,

In dreadfull secrecy impart they did,

And I with them the third night kept the watch,

Whereas they had deliuered both in time,

Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,

The Apparision comes : I knew your father,

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